

## Clarke Gilby "Tijuana Jail"

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(Gilby Clarke)

Welcome to salvation, my Tequila's my companion for  
this evening of  
oblivion

Everyone around me, kinda bores me, it makes me  
lonely with the friends

I never had

Packing up my Mustang cuz' this city has no heart, it  
sucks you in and  
spits you out

Patiently I'm seeking my destination is unknown, I  
followed the road

down to Mexico

Sorry Mr. Officer I think you got it wrong,

I'm just a lonely ol' Texas boy and I wanna get on home

He smiled and said "senor you're not in Texas anymore

Send my love to my home but send my mail to a

Tijuana Jail

Staring at the ceiling of my jail cell it's my home, at  
least for now,

it seems like forever

Sleeping on the floor with the rats, crawling up my ass,

I'm gonna kill

that officer

Sorry Mr. Officer but I'm gonna get revenge, on this  
side of the border

20 pesos get you dead

He smiled and said "senor I think I'll drink to your  
threats"

Send my love to my home, but sent my mail to a

Tijuana Jail

In my destitution suicides a solution, but I'm a gambler,  
and I'm not

cashed in

The sun is going down and my problems will be solved  
by dawn, but not by

justice

I smelled liquor on his breath, I knew this is my last  
chance, I begged

give a dying man his last drink

He handed me a glass with just the worm and he  
laughed I pulled a

switchblade from my boot and shoved it in  
his throat  
Sorry Mr. Officer I think you got it wrong, I'm a lonely ol'  
Texas boy  
and I wanna get on home  
He smiled and said "senor you're not in Texas  
anymore"  
Send my love to my home but send my mail to a Texas  
Jail.

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